

When Sugar Was a Luxury

DURING the Middle Ages sugar was a rare and precious substance only for medical use or for the very rich. In colonial days it was a luxury, and became a staple only with growth of tea and coffee drinking.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the birth, in 1745, of Lindley Murray, whose grammar and spelling books sold in amazing numbers. He settled in England and devoted himself to horticulture and literature.

SISTERS

Should a Man Wed One Girl When His Heart is Another's? Read This Serial of Country Life

THE ACTION SO FAR.

Dr. Strickland, inventor and physician, lives in a quiet little settlement in the mountains with his daughters, Alix and Cherry, and his niece, Anne, who keeps house for him. Peter Joyce, a young man of means, has long been in love with Cherry, but has never told her. Martin Lloyd, a newcomer, marries Cherry. Peter, in consequence, goes abroad. Cherry finds life without money difficult and she has words with Martin.

"(Sisters," the story by Kathleen Norris, has been made into a photo play by International Film Service, Inc., direction by E. Lloyd Sheldon. It will be released by American Releasing Corporation.)

Screen Version Novelized.

By JANE McLEAN.

"YES Peter—it sounds wonderful."

"And yet it's simple—we could get married Alix and you'd never be lonely again."

She broke in—"Peter, Peter!" Her heart began to hammer wildly.

"I know what you are going to say—we're only good pals, but after all, our marriage would be as successful as most. Why should a wedding ruin our friendship?"

"Oh, you don't know what you're saying," cried the girl, staring at him with a look that spoke of the hunger in her soul. "I'm so happy I don't care any more about that girl that drove you away."

He took her in his arms; their lips met; he felt the sigh that thrilled her body, and he said to himself: "This is a good thing; I've saved her from a lot of fighting with the world and she'll grow to like me in time, maybe—of course, we'll get along."

Aloud he said as they were seated side by side: "That other girl—I'll tell you all about her."

"No, Peter; no, no, I'd rather not—please don't—let's forget her; it's a bad dream."

But Peter was wrong about Mrs. Grundy! What a time she had. The idea of Peter Joyce marrying Alix Strickland! Who ever had heard of such a ridiculous affair. Of course he did it out of pity. Everybody knew he was in love with her pretty sister. Didn't he run away to Europe as soon as Cherry married, and so ad infinitum.

Alix, blissfully ignorant, went on her new way; a new joy came into her life, a new awakening; she had married the man she loved; at first that seemed to make up for everything—but did Peter love her? Had she been



Alix marries Peter believing that friendship will develop into real love. The picture shows them in their new home.

See This Gripping Story of Motion Pictures at the Criterion Theater Soon.

blinded by her own affection into believing that his own equalled it?

Serenely on Their Way.

They went on their way serenely; they walked and read and little by little they transferred what things Alix was to take from the Strickland home to Peter's bungalow on the hill.

Peter was a great help; together they cleared out the closets and packed the books. Sleeves rolled up and in working clothes they had almost a gay time over what looked to be an impossible task.

"Here," cried Alix, holding up a primer and a notebook, "are some of Cherry's schoolbooks—then were the happy days," she laughed.

Her father's Bible came in for comment—"the last book he asked for before he died," said the girl holding it aloft for Peter to see.

But Peter's thought were with Cherry. Cherry's little books—a flood of old memories came rushing back.

"Poor little Cherry," said he, "it's too bad she's so unhappy."

"Too bad," echoed Alix. "I'm glad dear old Dad can never know it."

"It's a shame," said Peter. "It's one of those unfortunate marriages that never get anywhere

in the woods, going round and round."

"Peter," asked Alix, standing with the Bible still in her hand, "are successful marriages founded on friendship and understanding—like ours?"

"A hard question, Alix; in books it always seems as if love were just another name for selfishness. If a man and a woman are pals as we are; if they are fond of the same things, have the same tastes, isn't that the safest, the surest thing?"

"I'd hate to think that was all there is to marriage, Peter—the spiritual and the mental and the physical—all together they do change you, Peter—they've changed me. I'm not the girl you married at all, Peter."

To which Peter made no reply. He, too, had been seeing that friendship cannot be metamorphosed into love by the change of a name. His reflections on marriage were voiced because of his feelings for Cherry. For Martin Lloyd he had a hatred that grew whenever he heard another episode in Cherry's unhappy life.

And these episodes increased in the little Milltown cottage.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

MEETING SITUATION

WORK IS BEST PANACEA FOR SORROW

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World As an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

"I AM in sore straits," writes Mrs. T. H. E. "My husband died six months ago, leaving me with three children, the oldest of whom is twelve and the youngest six and a half. We live in fine style and I thought our future was provided for. But I now find, after the estate is settled, that we have less than a thousand dollars a year assured us. I am only thirty-six and I have strength and health, but there is nothing I am inclined to do and I do not know where to turn."

"My husband was in the manufacturing business on a small scale and I know nothing of the work he was engaged in. It has been suggested that I carry it on, but I am afraid to go into business. Does it not seem cruel to you that there is no one to help me? There is a rich man for whom I do not care at all, but I can marry him. Wouldn't you call that the easiest way out of my difficulty?"

"The easiest way"—perhaps. But not the finest, happiest or wisest way.

Let me tell you the story of Augustina of Saragossa, celebrated in Byron's poem, "Child Harold." When in 1808 her native city was invested by the French her lover was shot. She mounted the battery in his place.

"Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-famed tear;

Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;

Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;

The foe retires—she heads the rallying host."

Followed by a woman's hand before a battered wall.

Think of the supreme courage of Augustina of Saragossa, you women who find yourselves wid-

owed and in need. Face your difficulties as she did.

Why shouldn't a young, strong woman, with everything in her favor, proceed to learn how to carry on the business her husband has left her? Why shouldn't any woman being with a normal equipment of brains learn how to run a business which is already established?

There are plenty of eager workers in the world who can't find employment in the moment of their need. But when a woman who has the responsibility of three children and who knows that their future depends on her has a thousand dollars a year assured her and an opportunity to make good in the world of business ready at hand, what more can she ask? Only cowardice, selfishness and laziness could hesitate.

I am not being cruel to a bereaved and lonely soul. Work is the best panacea for sorrow. The woman who is busy and who is striving to carry on the tasks which her husband has left unfinished is sure of something to help her over the black first days of her loneliness.

Augustina of Saragossa is worth considering. Surely, she knew nothing of "manning" guns. Certainly a battery on a city wall was not an easy thing for her to manage. But her idea of love was to meet the situation in the place of the lover who was taken from her. Her devotion was such that she could not let the city for which her beloved had been fighting fall.

Why should any other woman fall in the great moment when his work falls from her beloved's dead hands? Carry on, you women who are left alone. Make the task your man started secure. Fight for what he was doing when he was called. Thus you will prove your love and your worthiness. And thus you will find peace and satisfaction again.

KNOW THAT—

The coast line of Hellgoland, which measured 120 miles in A. D. 1300, had been reduced to three miles in 1900 by coast erosion.

Mohammedan women may not, according to the Koran, permit their faces to be seen by any man save their fathers, husbands, sons or other close blood relatives.

NR TO-NIGHT
Tomorrow Alright
Night's Tonic—fresh air, a good sleep and an NR Tablet to make your days better.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) exerts a beneficial influence on the digestive and eliminative system—the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Tonight—take an NR Tablet—its action is so different you will be delightfully surprised.

Used for over 30 years

Get a 25¢ Box

Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs—One-third the regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy coated.

For children and adults.

Rhyming Optimist

By Aline Michaelis.

The Awful Generation.

IT'S an awful generation that is ready to start out; it will smash our splendid nation into smithereens, no doubt. When I tell you of their errors, and try hard to make things clear, they behave like holy terrors and remark "shut up, old dear!"

When I talk about their dances in a manner wise and grave, they cry out with cheerful glances, "Hear this poor old has-been rave!" When I deem it my duty on such vital themes to speak, then some bright-eyed little cutie cries: "Let's teach him cheek-to-cheek!" It's an awful generation and it's mighty hard to say what will be the situation when it's fully under way. Now, I'm not a molly-coddle and I'm not a never-was; but I do not like the tollie and I do not care for jazz. And it makes me melancholy when I see the youngsters now plunging to their ears in folly while they should escort the plow. Yes, you bet it makes me ponder on the fate of our nation and I don't know what to do. When I'm trying to prove them, then they tell me: "Cheese it, kid." No appeal of mine can move them, they won't do as daddy did. Oh, my problem's hard and weighty, and I wonder can it be, that way back in eight-hundred-eighty, father thought the same of me? It's an awful generation and who knows where it will land? But it yet may save our nation with its pepper, push and sand.

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